

LADY MARY CHATS OF LONDON FOLKS AND FASHIONS



LOW NECKED DRESSES FOR STREET AND COUNTRY WEAR. SUCH DRESSES ARE CONSIDERED THE FETCHING THING IN LONDON THIS SEASON.

Famous Jewels of Lady Londonderry, of Whom Disraeli Once Said: "Lady Londonderry Fairly Blazed Among the Peeresses"—The Present Marchioness Well Becomes the Gems—The Most Tactful Woman in All England—Devoted to the Cause of Ireland and the Irish

LONDON, June 28. DISRAELI writing about the coronation, which took place in 1838, said: "Lady Londonderry fairly blazed among the peeresses." The jewels worn by the Lady Londonderry of that day would have graced the festivities of yet another crowning but for the King's illness. The present marchioness, wife of the sixth Marquis of Londonderry, and daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, well becomes the famous stones, and as hostess to the King and Queen may yet wear the wonderful tiara which Disraeli wrote about. Lord and Lady Londonderry, intimate friends of the King and Queen, have been, next to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, favored entertainers of royalty since the coronation season began, and the great dinner and ball planned for the 2d, would have been the climax of many brilliant gatherings at Londonderry House.

Qualities which go to make women successful generals in the world of society are combined in this Marchioness of Londonderry to an extraordinary degree. She is considered the most tactful woman in England. If she had been a little taller, she would have been regal in her beauty. As it is, she is handsome, and a few years ago she was glorious to look at. With wit and kindly heart, too, the Marchioness of Londonderry has made innumerable friends. She seems to have thoroughly deserved the popularity England and Ireland have both accorded her.

Since that unfortunate accident in Hyde Park last winter, when Lady Londonderry fell from her horse in a fit, the daughter of the Londonderry family, Lady Helen St. John, is often called upon to do the honors in her mother's stead. Lady Helen is known as "the Princess Royal of the Peerage." Lady Londonderry has never recovered from the shock caused by the death of her youngest son, Lord Reginald Stewart, with whom she traveled nearly around the world in the hope of bettering him. She has only one son living, Lord Castleragh.

Next to her prestige as a powerful hostess comes Lady Londonderry's prominence in philanthropy. Soon after the marriage of Lord and Lady Londonderry, the family began to spend much time at Mount Stewart, their estate in Ireland, and Lady Londonderry

started the Irish Industries' Association, which is today such an important factor in the handicraft affairs of the island. Irish poplin owes its revival to Lady Londonderry, as do the fine Irish faces which she has persistently worn before and since she lived in the vice-regal lodge in Dublin as the wife of the viceroy. Lady Londonderry first made fashionable the frizzes and Irish tweeds, which now compete successfully with Scotch materials. Her loyalty to Ireland was evident last winter when her daughter, then Lady Helen Stewart, was married to Lord St. John. Every bit of linen in the trousseau was woven in Ireland, and mostly by Mount Stewart tenants. The Irish embroideries and laces in Lady Helen's "setting out" were the work of women personally known to Lady Londonderry.

The Stewart-St. John wedding was the talk of London for weeks. Its elegance was a trifle overdone. No American millionaire display ever exceeded it. People say that in encouraging such publicity as she did and in making the wedding lavish almost to vulgarity, Lady Londonderry made the one social blunder of her triumphant career. Every day, weekly, and monthly paper in London was invited to send its representative to Londonderry House the day before the wedding to write up the presents and the gowns. Lady Helen's beautiful French toilettes were displayed on wooden models to the extent of several rooms full. Dozens of hats tipped rakishly above the dresses, worn for the time being by unresponsive spikes surrounding the wooden figures. Attendants were at hand to explain how many pieces of lingerie the outfit included, and a printed list of presents which filled a sheet of paper the size of a page from an ordinary New York daily, and in fine type was given to each representative of the press. Someone who looked as if he were a secretary, but who was a lady, was leaving the ballroom where the gifts were displayed. He told them all in a stage whisper:

"A good many things have come to since that list was printed. Be sure you mention the pearl studs Lady Londonderry gave the bridegroom."

Lord Londonderry, who is an uncommonly handsome man and one of the greatest coal mine owners in England, is about the most criticized postmaster general the country has had—not because of any acts of commission, but for sins of omission. Lady Londonderry,

however, has shown her kindly spirit to the hundreds of girls employed in the postoffice. Even since her ill-health she has visited the young women and interested herself in bettering the conditions under which they work. They enjoy her talks doubtless for much the same reason that so particular a gentleman as the German Emperor must dine with Lady Londonderry every time he comes to England and that Mr. Macphail, in his "The Art of Conversation," declares the marchioness the best conversationalist in London. An attractive smile is another of this favored lady's gifts. She is known to her intimate friends as "Nellie," although her Christian and maiden names declared her Lady Theresa Susie Helen Talbot.

Lady Londonderry's fondness for Ireland comes to her both by birth and by her marriage with an Irish nobleman. Her father, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, was premier earl in the peerages of both England and Ireland. Hers is a distinctly Irish temperament. She loves the Irish and the Irish love her. Mount Stewart, in the County Down, is surrounded by a fine sporting estate, and is familiar to participants in the County Down hunt. Strangford Lough is nearby, and there Lady Londonderry has opportunity for her beloved yachting. It is at Mount Stewart, too, that Lady Londonderry, whose fine taste in literature is acknowledged, occasionally works at book-plate making. One design, in which is inscribed the family motto, "Prest d'accomplir," won her some distinction in that line. Mount Stewart is an ugly old house on the outside, but it is delightfully comfortable within. When the Prince and Princess of Wales, as Duke and Duchess of York, visited the Londonderrys at this estate, they were much pleased with the simplicity and informal furnishing of the rooms allotted to them. Their breakfast room was severely plain, and their royal highnesses liked it best of the suite. One hundred guests can be put up at Mount Stewart at a time. The house contains no picture gallery, the family portraits being distributed about the sitting rooms, and among them is the Lord Castleragh whom Byron made the subject of his scathing satire.

Other country places belonging to the Londonderrys are Wynyard Hall, Stockton-on-Tees, Durham and Seaham Hall, also in Durham. Seaham was the favorite residence of the late marchioness, mother of Lord Londonderry. She was keenly interested in the people who worked in the collieries round about from which she received immense revenues, and one room in her house was made into a telegraph exchange by which her ladyship was kept informed of happenings in the different coal mines.

But it is on the Londonderry town house that attention centers now. This stately mansion stands in Park Lane close by the entrance to Piccadilly. It, like Mount Stewart, is comfortable, not

dreary in its grandeur, as are many of the great English houses. And yet the state apartments in Londonderry House equal in magnificence any such rooms in London. The saloon and banquet hall directly below it are never used except on state occasions such as the present. Londonderry House is not very old. It was built in 1827. But relics of generations past have been collected there until it seems ancient. Of all the interesting and valuable



MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

things in Londonderry House, the various souvenirs presented to the different Marquises of Londonderry by Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington and the present German Emperor are considered most worth seeing.

Semi-decollete gowns for street wear are becoming as popular in London as they are in Paris. Smart costumes such as these five girls are wearing were seen

at Ascot in great number. The first is made of cream linen, is hand embroidered and finished with a lace fichu and much black velvet ribbon.

Next comes a white linen dress, strapped. The low-cut bodice is finished with revers and collars of pale blue taffeta.

The third costume is brown lawn and is most effective in combination with touches of green velvet on the deep lace collar and flowing cuffs.

NEWS AND RHYME DOTH THIS CORRESPONDENT COMBINE

A CORRESPONDENT for one of the counties of the State of Virginia to a prominent weekly paper in one of the fair-sized towns invariably sends in his news in the form of poetry. Commenting upon the death of a worthy young man who had been crushed by having a couple of sawlogs fell upon him, he writes:

"A serious mishap met young Arthur Lamb
A very worthy and industrious man;
Had working at a sawmill he was,
Where two sawlogs rolled over him.

"A mass of broken bones and blood,
Before which the doctors stood,
With friends bowed down in sore distress,
Till he regained his consciousness."

The same reporter speaks of the death of another resident of his county in the following terms:

"Ella, the wife of Nat. Jarrell, is dead;
For two dollars and a half, it is said,
Was sold by her lord some years ago
To one Andrew Amos, a previous beau.

"When Mr. Nattie took a new bride,
And for the offense was lawfully tried,
Got a position with the striped band
That plays out the tune, 'One Wife to the Man.'"

Some of his other weekly correspondence follows:
"Mr. Eugene Stephens defies the world
To produce the superior of his girl;
Although less than ten days old,
Is worth its avoirdupois in gold."

"John Moyer, one of our oldest men,
For two weeks quite sick has been,
At his home near by Standardville—
An octogenarian not easy to kill."

A glorious rain came down yesterday,
Driving our fears and doubts all away;
Instead of a famine we'll have a feast,
For the Lord remembers both man and beast.

Our human propensities verged on despair
When welcome raindrops moistened the air;
The hovering clouds, unfolding their wings,
Transformed dry earth to living springs.

The wood-work on South River church is done,
Plaster and painting will cost a round sum;
Now seats also will have to be made,
As the others are shaky and well nigh played.

A lady, whose name I cannot tell,
Promised the church the gift of a bell;
When with the promise she will comply,
The builder is ready to await it on high.

Dr. Pennington is giving his house a white suit
While Eunice is at the V. M. Institute;
The painting is by Mr. Kenzie and Starko.
Doing their best to win Minnie's heart.

Two courtiers essayed to ride into town;
In place of a buggy two saddles they found.
Strapping them both on one little horse
The latter got home, the balance got lost.

Truly this is the time of the year
That little transpires, tragic or queer;
If anything happens important to know,
You'll hear from the place where Greene folks grow.

Greene county holds to homespun weddings,
As Mr. Clint Moyer and Miss Carrie Ed-
dins
On last Thursday evening exemplified,
In South River Valley, the home of the bride.

Mr. Pokey Moyer on the 6th passed away,
Was buried at his home on last Saturday;
Of seven grown brothers, the rest all alive,
His parents near eighty also him survive.

Dr. Augustus Michie, a Confederate vet.
Of Albemarle county, paid the just debt
That all of us owe, and, sooner or late,
The death knell tones will reverberate.

Mr. Jim Harlow and his three sons
A dwelling for—Mr. Ed Sampson begun,
And if they meet no serious delays
Will finish the job within forty days.

Their planing machine will come in to-day
From Advance, Mills, where Mr. Joe Pray
Has lately built and replenished a store
Superbly elegant, to say nothing more.

The contract for benches for Mt. Paran
Was recently given to an old limping man,
At a cost of about three-fifty a pew,
Aggregating about a hundred and two.

The South River church ought to be done,
As ten months have passed since it began,
The fittings are ready now on the ground,
While the pay in reserve is easily found.

The wheat crop failure is fully discussed,
The roads are literally covered with dust,
Gardens all thirsty; if it don't rain soon
Will have no faith in the man in the moon.

Mr. Tom Jennings and Oscar Fitzhugh
Are giving a number of men work to do,
Manufacturing staves and railroad ties,
Paying them cash and other supplies.

Mr. Jake Miller, who has been quite ill
With the pneumonia, is recuperating still;
The same is true of Jim Ruben Hance,
Whose mother and sisters live at Quince.

The telephone company laid off the holes
And for several miles unloaded the poles;
They promise the public by 20th June
To have the entire apparatus in tune.